

Congratulations to the Winners of the Teen Writing Challenge

Grades 9—12

2nd Place—Jewel Potter

At Night

When the lights go out and the night comes on
The shadows creep on my bedroom wall,
And the cold wind whispers beyond the pane
And, in the dark, strange horrors crawl;
And the visions flash past my fevered brain
And, through the night, their voices call:

"We are the past," they seem to say,
"You can not alter what has been.
"We all have vanished, one by one--
"You can not change the things you've seen,
"The things that were by light of sun
"When skies were blue and grass was green."

And all the details of each scene
Are scrawled across my memory
And when I lie in bed at night
They cause all hope of sleep to flee,
Until the early morning light,
And then, at last, they set me free.

When the sun comes up and the dark is done
And the shadows leave my bedroom wall,
And the light springs up beyond the pane,
At last the vanquished visions fall
From the doomed recesses of my brain,
And the clamoring voices vanish all.

